

CANDOUR

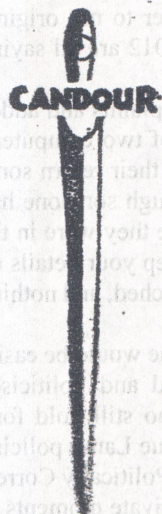
**The British
Views-Letter
Founded by
A.K. Chesterton
M.C. in 1953**

**To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of
their world heritage**

Volume 74. Number 6.

April 2013

Candour's 60th Anniversary 1953 - 2013 A Time for Reflection and Re-dedication



In future issues this year we will be paying tribute to our financial founder Mr. Robert Key Jeffery (1870 - 1961) and our two previous editors:

Mr. A. K. Chesterton M.C. (1900 - 1973)

& Miss Rosine de Bounevalle (1916 - 1999).

Quite why *Candour* has outlived all others I can only put down to a strain of British eccentricity that finds it's own next generation in the battle for survival. No committees. A sense that you belong with us or perhaps you don't quite but may like to see where this voyage could go?

Miss. Rosine de Bounevalle said many times, "How many ways must we keep saying the same bloody things?" Over 60 years *Candour* has said the "same bloody things" again and again.

Read through our archives and whatever the situation, over 60 years, we have probably said it before. If our call to battle was strident then, to those Britons new and old still with us worth their salt it should now be deafening.

A few even listened. Now that we are finding a new audience, largely via modern technology, Empire wide, and let us use the word Empire proudly, let us keep on saying the same "bloody things" and **EVER LOUDER!**

"Do They Want To Shoot Us Down in Cold Blood?"

Colin Todd.



Colin Todd with Boudicca the *Candour* dog.

The above headline may be a little strong for some of our readers. It is meant to be provocative. Attention grabbing.

You have to read the following, highlighted section, to understand how the programmed 'mind-set' of the people who are there to supposedly, protect us, works. The "British" police are but a small unit in the front line of the New World Order.

Their programmed mission is to partake in the utter destruction of any resistance to the NWO multi-racial nightmare being inflicted on us. To them, we the white indigenous people of these tiny islands, have become the all encompassing enemy. An enemy to be bullied, harassed, humiliated, infiltrated and if need be jailed or exterminated. A shoot to kill policy? Strong words? **I mean every one of them!**

13th November 2012.

"DCI Goff and DS Watson have provided me with their account as to their involvement on that morning whilst you remained in custody. DCI Goff confirms that having learnt of this incident she felt that there was a need for Special Branch involvement as there may be police kit (in view of the road signs being police property) and with the recent memory of Anders Breivik using police uniform to carry out his attack, this could be relevant to their role. In addition she was aware that there was documentation in the address of a right wing nature and she then also learnt about the letter which talked about an apparent threat at the Olympics. She felt that at this time Special Branch could view the contents of the house to ascertain if you were committing other offences, knowing that a Section 18 search had been correctly authorised. DCI Goff states that she spent the morning assessing the information concerning yourself and the premise (knowing that there was some complicated history to it and some of the items inside may be of historic value rather than current) and discussed the situation with other agencies (my underlinings. CT) including Counter Terrorism officers. This research took a period of time and wasn't instantaneous".

Steve Morris

Investigating Officer

Professional Standards Department

The previous highlighted section is just a 'taste' of the 12 page document Hampshire Constabulary sent in response to my original complaints about their illegal raid on my home in March of 2012. Yes. A full year ago and I have been fed lie on lie by Hampshire Constabulary. So, following the process laid down I am back in the hands of the IPCC (Independent Police Complaints Commission) and fighting my own corner.

In the 12 page response to my original complaints and in the small print they have now admitted to unlawful arrest and breaking their own PACE rules. (PACE gives them very elastic, self-controlled, rules that they supposedly have to operate with their 'right' to search without a warrant).

They admit that not only were the political police of Special Branch trampling around but so were 'other agencies'. That can only be the SS = Security Service = MI5 as they are more commonly known. If I were of a nervous disposition I should be worried. However I have looked them in the eye and as individuals they are not scary. It is the power they have that is truly frightening. It increases by the day.

The letter referred to in the previous highlighted section was sent by a friend of *Candour* who was wondering if the London Olympics could possibly be the target of a so called 'terrorist attack', and if that attack, conducted by the 'usual suspects' or a bunch of 'cultural enriching' 'mummy's boys recruited via the internet to yet another fictional Al-Quayeda outfit would then provide an excuse for targeting the so-called "extreme-right". He was asking the question in a personal note to me and asking if we could be about to witness another 'false flag' operation by the New World Order. (A la Twin Towers. 7/11 or the London bombings of July 2005).

Perhaps that there was no successful 'terrorist attack' on the 2012 Londonistan Olympics should be to the credit of the Hampshire Constabulary. It must have been some briefing they had from the Special Branch, (and before that who briefed the SB? I believe it came straight from the Home Office) before their planned 'false flag' raid.

(The Special Branch [SB] is an ever changing unit. They come - they go. Each generation of the SB wants to leave

its 'mark'. Each generation will record that they took on the hardest villains. They made the biggest drugs busts. They broke the terrorists. So it goes on. Layer upon layer of distortion and outright lie. This, in their files, becomes FACT! Each generation adds their own layer of fiction and mixed with some real facts the fiction becomes the reality).

The next time I am to be taught a lesson by the 'uniforms', when they type in my name, the name of the Norwegian 'Manchurian Candidate' type weirdo Andres Breivik will 'pop-up' in my file. Images of massacred children flash before their eyes. Boy will I get the treatment or will someone just pull the trigger? There lies the much unlamented Colin Todd. 'Extremist'. Good.

A sideline here. At the time of the illegal raid I did not have a dog. The second day of the two day security services invasion I was due to be collected by people from a dog charity to go and pick up Boudicca from a rescue centre where she had unfortunately spent some two years. A couple of days later and when Boudicca was still finding the lay of the land she found a plain clothes policeman hiding in the grounds. Presumably his briefing had said "No dogs on premises!" For my original report on the illegal police raid please see *Candour* Vol. 74. No. 4. July 2012.

I am still being asked, and ask myself, why I and *Candour* were selected for the 'treatment'. Perhaps it was only when Theresa May, the Home Secretary, was made to spill the beans in front of a House of Commons Committee and put together with the lying police response to my original complaints about the raid that the jigsaw pieces begin to fall into place. The hatchet-faced May, whose antecedents need some careful examination, was questioned about the government's **Prevent**** activities by the Commons joint committee on the national security strategy.

May's answers, together with a Briefing Paper I have found by an outfit called the *INSTITUTE for STRATEGIC DIALOGUE* titled "SECURITY IN AN OLYMPIC YEAR: REASSESSING THE THREAT FROM RIGHT-WING EXTREMISM" and the 12-page police answer to my original complaints about their illegal raid in March 2012 are all saying almost the damn same identical things!

I have now repeated my original complaints and added new ones including the deliberate wrecking of two computers. (The computer expert who examined them on their return some six months after the raid said it looked as though someone had taken a pair of pliers to the insides. This while they were in the hands of the police. (Note to subscribers; I keep your details on an old fashioned card index, which was not touched, and nothing was on the computer.)

However squeezing blood from a stone would be easier than getting the truth from our brainwashed and politicised police. (If there are any of you out there who still hold fond memories of the Dixon of Dock Green and Blue Lamp policing of old please, please, forget it. Sadly, they are Politically Correct stooges with the power to pry into the most private moments of our lives. And we know what a little power can do to the meanest of intellects).

*Ever increasing police willingness to shoot. See Cow story in *Daily Mail* 27/3/13. Crazy over reaction. Only one of many.

Government's **PREVENT strategy. Includes throwing millions of £'s at Islamic big-mouths who know that the louder they shout and then tone it down the more they get from the bottomless pot! At the same time the government cracks down on 'rightwing extremists'....

*****INSTITUTE FOR STRATEGIC DIALOGUE**. Founded by the late unlamented 'Lord' Weidenfeld! (See Extra).

Emma West trial scheduled for the 5th time...

Robert Henderson

<http://englandcalling.wordpress.com>

A fifth, yes that's fifth, date for the start of Emma West's trial on criminal charges arising from her complaint about mass immigration and it's effects made on a Croydon tram in November 2012 has been set for 9th April. Assuming it actually takes place it will have taken over sixteen months since being charged with racially aggravated public order offences.

Justice delayed is justice denied. The delay here is unconscionable because her comments on the tram were recorded by a fellow passenger and the only points at issue are (1) whether the recording has been doctored; (2) whether what was said or happened before the recording began have relevance to the remarks, for example, was there any provocation offered to Miss West; (3) whether the remarks were racist or fair comment and (4) the condition of Miss West at the time. None of this should take such an age to determine.

The delay is plausibly not down to any practical or legal reason, but the fact that Miss West has done something very unusual by maintaining a plea of Not Guilty throughout her ordeal, despite being imprisoned for two weeks in the nearest there is to a Category A prison in the UK for women, HMP Bronzefield, after being refused bail on the bogus grounds that it was "for her own safety" and having the threat of her child being taken away hanging over her.

The powers-that-be cannot be doing with people designated as having committed politically correct crimes not coming quietly by pleading guilty and making a Maoist-style public confession of fault. That is especially the case where the accusation is one of racism. Emma West represents real danger to the authorities because a not guilty plea raises the possibility of that being discussed in public which the politically correct most dread: the policy of mass immigration of the UK, overtly and covertly practised by every government since the war, and its effects. The ridiculous delay has been in all probability simply a cynical ploy to wear Miss West down and get her to plead guilty.

During the time since the original charges, Miss West has been further charged with assaulting two police officers at her home. These charges were due to be heard in a magistrates court on 3rd March but have been delayed until after her trial on the racial harassment charges. Presuming she did not attack them with a deadly weapon or seriously harm them - something suggested by the cases being dealt with in a magistrates court - is it really in the public interest to prosecute her considering the stress she has been placed under by the oppressive action of the State in charging her for what is an illegitimate crime in a free society, her imprisonment, the threat of taking her child away and the great delay? If this alleged assault merely consisted of say, Miss West pushing the officers, or resisting when she was physically held by the officers, a prosecution would be wholly unreasonable in the circumstances.

The authorities may simply have decided they can no longer string things out and have to bring the case to trial or drop the charges. However things could be rather more sinister, (Plead guilty and we will drop the charges), or, if she is found not guilty of the racial harassment charges, a means of punishing her by convicting her of assault which could be a lever for the social services to take her son into care.

If the case is delayed again it will be impossible to offer any plausible explanation but deliberate interference with justice



Emma West (above, with child), 35, a mother of two, was charged with two racially aggravated public order offences after a video of her expressing her views on 'cultural enrichers' on a busy Croydon tram, was posted on YouTube in 2011.

Empire Day 24th May

By Robert Black

On the 24th May pause and raise a glass for **Empire Day**. This was first celebrated in 1902 but the idea had been under consideration since 1897.

It's purpose to "*remind children that they formed part of the British Empire, and that they might think with others in lands across the sea, what it meant to be sons and daughters of such a glorious Empire.*", and that "*The strength of the Empire depended upon them, and they must never forget it.*"

School children across the Empire would typically salute the Union Flag and sing patriotic songs. They would learn of the heroes who built our Empire, such as Clive of India and Wolfe of Quebec. Most importantly perhaps they left school early that day (three cheers!) to attend marches and festivities held to celebrate the event.

Celebrated for over sixty years Empire Day gave Britons worldwide an opportunity to celebrate their pride in the British Empire and those who built and maintained it. As the Empire was deliberately undermined the occasion was re-named Commonwealth day. Even the date (originally Queen Victoria's birthday) was changed. Empire Day was relegated to the 'history hole' and only the oldest of our readers may remember the saying "*Remember, Remember Empire Day, the 24th of May*".

In our small way let us reclaim Empire Day from the Frankfurt School history schoolroom dustbin and think, as I am sure most of you already do, of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. Let us take renewed confidence and courage from the deeds of our forefathers who gave so much of themselves, often under the most testing of conditions around the globe.

Perhaps the bitterest of ironies of our present estate is that in the Falkland Islands they have recently had a referendum. Now truly more British than the British with an almost completely white population they are fortunate thus far....

If England was what England seems,

An' not the England of our dreams,

But only putty, brass, an' paint,

'Ow quick we'd drop 'er! But she ain't!

The Return (*All Arms*)

Kipling

**Happy St. George's Day
23rd April**

The Guillotine and the Gulag

By Jez Turner, one of the organisers for the 'London Forum'.

(The following is the text of a speech given on Saturday 13th October 2012 to the 7th Annual John Tyndall Memorial Meeting, Preston, Lancashire, England organised by *Heritage and Destiny* magazine (see back page for details).

There are two forces in this world, two significant forces, only two. One is Evil and one is Good.

Let's first look at the Evil Force, sometimes called the Death Force, or the Destructive force.

It destroys. It debilitates, it deracinates. It brings degradation, decadence and decay. It destroys. It destroys ALL cultures, all traditions, all customs, all religions, all heritage, all civilization and all races. It destroys all higher human sentiments - such as chivalry, patriotism, national pride, honour, fair-play, decency, piety and innocence. It destroys Nature herself - both the local countryside and the teeming oceans and the vast rainforests. It even destroys Human Nature.

If successful, the Evil Force will produce 'A One World Slave State'. A boring world concreted over with ugly tower blocks and shopping centres. Everyone will be mixed-up, mingled and miscegenated, without culture, without identity, without tradition or customs, without religion, without race. We'll all be, quite literally, THE SAME. Identikits, replacable, interchangeable. We'll be slaves with no higher purpose to our existence than to earn money and spend it - to spend it on leisure and pleasure. Perfect slaves - bamboozled and brainwashed - without any better role models either as individuals or nations.

Perfect slaves, because we'll have nothing to free ourselves for, nothing to free ourselves towards, no escape route, nowhere to hide. Perfect slaves, because we won't even know that we are slaves.

This Evil Force enlists to its ranks knaves, fools and cowards. It uses blackmail, bribery, corruption, intimidation, persecution, fear and the lie. It uses the little lie, the big lie, lots of lies and.... ideology.

Before there was ideology there was something called 'common sense'. There was something called 'wisdom'. If a policy was good for the tribe, then it was good. If it was bad for the tribe, it was bad. Ditto race and nation. Simple.

Then our enemies created ideology. Ideologies to trick and trap our minds. They created Liberalism, Capitalism, Communism, Feminism, Freudianism, Multi-racism, Modernism, Post-Modernism, etc, etc... Ad nauseum. But ALL these ideologies lead the same way, downward. They all lead to racial, cultural and national suicide. No sane people would VOLUNTARILY adopt such ideologies. Try and sell one of these ideologies to an uncorrupted Amazonian, African or Asian tribe and they'd laugh at you. Laugh at you, or kill you. Probably both. Laugh at you and then kill you for the dangerous lunatic you would be to try such a thing.

Such ideologies are weapons, much like the germs used in germ warfare. They destroy all that is healthy and strong. They destroy the national, racial and cultural immune systems. You could fly a plane over an enemy country and drop these ideologies on the country as if you were dropping bombs. Then you could sit back and allow the ideologies to do their work. Thirty years later after the ideologies had weakened the enemy country, your own troops would be able to march into the country and take it over without resistance. In fact why bother with troops? Just send unarmed migrants.

So we've looked at the first force, the Evil Force, now let's look at the second force. The Force for Good, the Life Force, the Good Force. This force is quite simply opposed to the

first force, the Evil Force. The two forces are diametrically opposed. They are enemies. Arch enemies.

The Good Force values traditions, cultures, nations, religions, races - it protects and nurtures them. It promotes all the higher human sentiments. It values bravery and beauty. It loves Nature in all her forms. The Good Force is represented by the people in this room today.

Now when the enemy created ideologies our people were told to choose, much as they are in a modern democratic election. They were told to choose Evil Option 1, Evil Option 2 or Evil Option 3. Our people were confused, they weren't keen on any of the options. So those who fought on the side of good created counter ideologies.

Now I don't care whether the mass media call us ultra-conservatives, patriots, fascists, traditionalists, third positionists, fourth positionists, nationalists, racialists, national racialists, racial nationalists, national socialists or social nationalists. All that matters is that we are on the good side, the same side.

Our ideology is older than ideology. Our ideology is older than all these labels. It is the ideology of the tribe. It is the ideology of the caveman, the hunter gatherer, the Cro-Magnon. It is the ideology of the Blood. It's the ideology of Common Sense, of Wisdom.

Yet, they call us extremists.

I'll tell you what's extreme.

Allowing an alien minority to own or control all that's worth owning and controlling - that's extreme!

Allowing millions of non-white immigrants into our nations - that's extreme!

Giving away our sovereignty to shadowy, supra-national bodies - that's extreme!

Allowing pornography, drugs and crime to run rampant - rewarding criminals and punishing victims - that's extreme!

Trashing our culture, our traditions, our heritage, our way of life - that's extreme!

Encouraging and funding obscenity and perversion in the arts, in music and in architecture - that's extreme!

Destroying our natural environment from which we gain such vital inspiration and spiritual sustenance - that's extreme!

Twisting, subverting and undermining our religions into increasingly unrecognisable parodies of their former selves - that's extreme!

Destroying the family. Sex education for 5 year old children. Murdering millions of unborn babies in their mothers' wombs and persuading the mothers to think that what they are doing is fine - these things are extreme!

And yet they call us extreme for opposing all this. They're the extremists not us!

If ever you find yourself wavering, if you find yourself unsure, take 'The Ancestor Test'. Bring back to life an ancestor of yours and show him/her the world today, show your ancestor the multi-racial mess, the sick stew into which society is sinking and ask your ancestor "Who's the extremist? Those who've brought this about or those who oppose it?" You'll be told the truth.

Yes, behind this soft facade, behind these honeyed phrases of the enemy, behind 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', 'the Brotherhood of Man', 'Human Rights' and 'Liberal Democracy', what actually have they given us? The guillotine and the gulag. The killing fields of Pol Pot. Suicidal fratricidal wars - in America the American Civil War and in Europe the First World War - genocidal wars in which the best genes of our race were wiped out. They've given us the bombing of Dresden, of Hamburg, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Baghdad, Falluja and Mogadishu. Evil. Pure Evil.

Evil however does have a function. It has a purpose. It separates the wheat from the chaff; those who are complicit with it and those who are opposed to it. Its up to us, to good people like us, to lead the opposition. We are the natural leaders of our people. Why?

We are the natural leaders of our people for three reasons. Firstly, we see the real reasons for the problems that confront our world, we understand what's happening - we have breadth of vision, we see the grand scheme. Secondly, we see the solutions, the answers - we have the antidote to the great evil that means the end of everything that makes life worthwhile. And thirdly, we have the guts to do something about it!

* * * *

Rudyard Kipling:

White Man's Poet

(National Vanguard March 1984)

Almost one hundred and thirty years ago, in Lahore -- today the second city in independent Pakistan but then an administrative centre in British India -- a 17-year-old subeditor, fresh out of school in England, worked very hard to get out each day's edition of the *Civil and Military Gazette*. His name was Rudyard Kipling.

Every now and then the young subeditor, with his editor's assent, would fill up a little left-over space in the newspaper with a poem of his own composition, much to the annoyance of the Indian typesetters, who did not like to use the special typefaces which Kipling deemed appropriate to distinguish his poems from the prose around them. In 1886 he gathered up all of these poems from the previous three years and republished them in a book, under the title *Departmental Ditties*. The book was an immediate hit with other British colonials, and the first printing was sold out very quickly.

Then it was one book after another, for from 1883 until his death in 1936 Kipling's pen was seldom idle; hardly a week went by that he did not write one or more poems. Because his poetry expressed so well the common sentiment of the race -- the deep soul-sense of men conscious of their breeding and of their responsibility to live up to a standard set by their forebears -- it became very popular with his fellows. He was by far the most widely read -- and the best loved -- poet writing in English at the beginning of this century; every cultured person in the English-speaking world was familiar with at least some of his poems. In 1907 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Kipling chose as his symbol -- his personal rune -- the swastika, the ancient Aryan sign of the sun and of health and of good fortune. Most editions of his works published in the first decades of the 20th century are adorned with this symbol. Beginning in 1933, however, Jewish pressure was brought to bear against the publishers, and the swastikas were dropped from subsequent printings.

Unfortunately, the censorship did not end there. Kipling's poetry was obnoxious to the new men who began tightening their grip on the cultural and informational media of the English speaking world in the 1930's -- obnoxious and dangerous. Actually, the whole spirit of Kipling's writing was dangerous to them, totally at odds with the new spirit they were promoting so assiduously, but they could not simply ban all further publication of his works.

What they did instead was take measures to have dropped from new editions of his collected writings those of his poems and stories which expressed most explicitly the spirit and the ideas they feared: the spirit and the ideas of proud, free White men. Today every school child still reads a bit of Kipling's poetry: such things as *Mandalay* and *FuzzyWuzzy* and *Gunga Din*, which superficially seem safely in tune with an age of multiracialism and "affirmative action" and White guilt.

But what white schoolchild has ever been given an opportunity to read Kipling's *The Children's Song*? The first two stanzas of that poem are:

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee

Our love and toil in the years to be;

When we are grown and take our place,

As men and women of our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,

Oh help Thy children when they call;

That they may build from age to age,

An undefiled heritage.

A Song of the White Men

Now, this is the cup the White men drink

When they go to right a wrong,

And that is the cup of the old world's hate --

Cruel and strained and strong,

We have drunk that cup -- and a bitter, bitter cup --

And tossed the dregs away.

But well for the world when the White men drink

To the dawn of the White Man's day!

Now, this is the road that the White men tread

When they go to clean a land --

Iron underfoot and levin overhead

And the deep on either hand.

We have trod that road -- and a wet and windy road --

Our chosen star for guide.

Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread

Their highway side by side!

Now, this is the faith that the White men hold

When they build their homes afar --

"Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons

And, failing freedom, War."

We have proved our faith - bear witness to our faith,

Dear souls of freemen slain!

Oh, well for the world when the White Men join

To prove their faith again!

Rudyard Kipling, 1899.

MEDALS FOR DRONES WITH DRONES

Brought up learning that you score points for wiping out the 'enemy' in increasingly violent and sinister computer 'games' an 'elite' of youngsters have and are being trained in their (for that read your) own homes and the 'best' recruited by various armed forces and security services world-wide.

The first computer game generation are already at the controls of killer robot drones and destroying real lives daily as well as spying on all of us.

In the American military more drone pilots are now being trained than real aircraft pilots.

Some patrol the nebulous War on Terror from air-conditioned rooms thousands of miles from the battlefields and at the end of the days work drive home for dinner with the wife and kids.

Or picture this scene: Beneath a new moon, a crew pushes the 2,500 - pound *Predator* drone toward a blacked-out flight line and prepares it for takeoff. The soldiers wheel over a pallet of *Hellfire* missiles and load them onto the plane's undercarriage. The *Predator* pilot, in his full Tom Cruise *Top Gun* uniformed flight-suited splendour, then walks around the aircraft, conducting his preflight check. He then returns to a nearby trailer, sits down at a 'games' console with joysticks, buttons and monitor screens, and guides the snub-nosed plane down the runway and into the night air - unmanned and massively armed.

Takeoffs of *Predators* in scenes just as this from Kandahar Air Field, in Southern Afghanistan, have turned that massive strip of asphalt into what the Pentagon calls the busiest runway in the world.

Since first being introduced in Iraq and Afghanistan, their numbers have grown from 167 to more than 7,000 by the beginning of 2013.

The flight controls for drones are almost identical to video-game controllers. This has been deliberately done by the military to make them more intuitive for a generation of young soldiers raised on games like *Killzone* and *Grand Theft Auto*.

The computer games industry and the US military have worked together for decades now and I wonder how many of the companies are covertly owned/funded by the Pentagon?

There has recently been some outrage and not a little sniggering at the announcement in February by Leon Panetta, his last in fact before stepping down as US Defence Secretary, that a new medal was to be struck. The Distinguished Warfare Medal will provide "recognition for the extraordinary achievements that directly impact on combat operations, but that do not involve acts of valour or physical risk that combat entails". Computer experts who construct defences against cyber-attacks, or write code to use against enemies, will also qualify.

Let us not snigger. The enemy knows its targets. It has not only created them but grooms them with the skill of a racially alien paedophile gang. The computer 'games world' are the New World Order's Sandhurst or Westpoint.

When we gave in to our child's or grandchild's bleatings for the new 'must have' new computer game we may have set them on the path to becoming a socially inadequate, conscienceless New World Order killer. Or at the very least someone who hates everything you ever believed in.

Compare this medal to the 70 years wait for the Arctic Star Medal just announced for the handful of survivors of the WWII Arctic convoys who made the "worst journey in the world" to keep Uncle Joe and the bolshevik hordes supplied in defence of their communist/zionist hell on earth gulag camps. Their enemy a truly European army struggling eastwards to kill the beast...

The Life and Death of Merrie England (In Fifty Words)

The Church owned most of the land.

The peasants rented and cultivated it to their good.

The king issued free currency.

Christ Jesus ruled in Church and State.

Monarch, Lords and Commons worshipped, lived and learned in wellbeing.

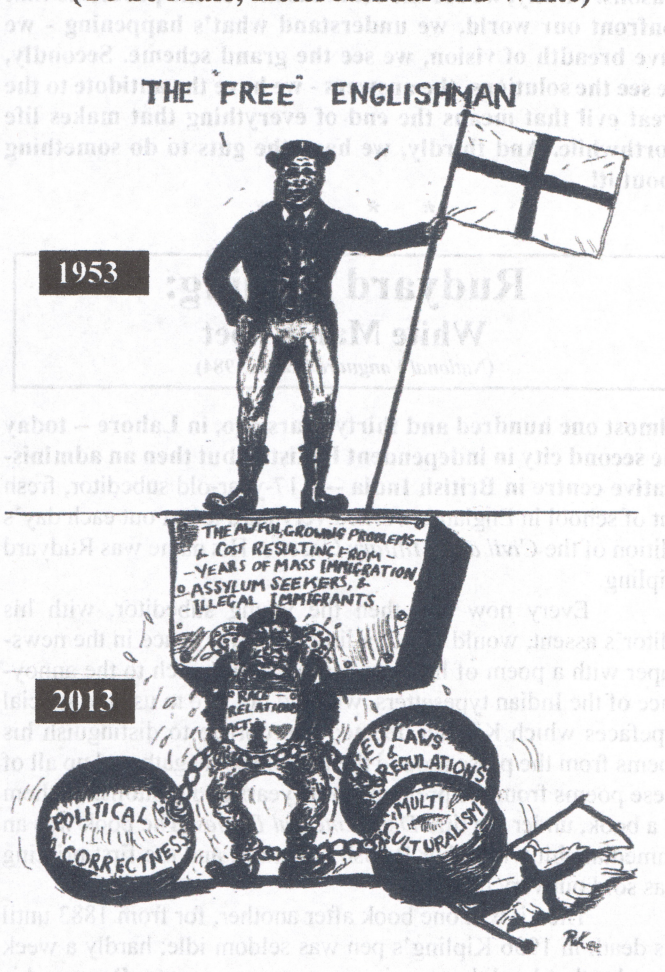
Then usurers came, conquered and charged interest.

Debt reigned over the ruins.

Rosine de Bouneville

The above lines by Rosine I found on a tiny slip of paper in one of her diaries. There is no date. No need. It is timeless. I do not remember seeing it in print before so maybe this is a first? Is it fifty words? C.T.

The Englishman's Burden (To be Male, Heterosexual and White)



Back Issues of *Candour* dating back to 1960 are available.

Our range of historic DVD's and CD's is growing and with your financial backing we can bring more truth to the few who still deserve it.

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BM CANDOUR, London, WC1N 3XX. England.

Or visit our website www.candour.org.uk

Great British Racialists



Ian in the recording studio.

Ian Stuart (Donaldson) 1957-93

Ian Stuart was the name we knew him by. A stocky Northerner from Blackpool with that 'something' charisma about him that made him stand out from the crowd. It is very hard to believe that it is 20 years since he was killed in a car crash on 24 September 1993.

Ian was born August 11 1957 in Blackpool. His father was an engineer who owned his own tool makers business and his mum was a housewife. Ian went onto to Baines Grammar School in Poulton and was a pretty wild teenager by all accounts.

On leaving school with a couple of O Levels Ian had various jobs including that of apprentice coach trimmer. His heart however was really set on career in music. The first band he joined/formed was **Tumbling Dice** in 1976. When that band broke up Ian formed another and started sending tapes to record companies. Their luck was in and Chiswick Records asked them to come down to London and record a session in their studio. The band not having a name the label chose **Skrewdriver** from a list they had handy! The band moved to London and around this time adopted the full Skinhead image.

They played concerts supporting Motorhead and the Police among many others and began to build a name and following. At one time Suggs, later the lead singer with **Madness** was one of their roadies. (Yes, the same Suggs and **Madness** who played on the roof of Buckingham Palace last year for the Queen's Jubilee!)

After the release of the bands first album *All Skrewed Up* there came a showdown with their management and record company who wanted **Skrewdriver** to denounce their skinhead nationalist following and change their image following pressure from ANaI, the SWP Anti-Nazi League. Ian refused to do this and their contract was cancelled. Now, for the first time Ian began to think politically and joined the NF. Soon after the idea for **Rock Against Communism** began to take shape and the *White Power* EP was released. An 'underground hit' from the beginning this, poor sound quality first effort, was to lead to a White Youth revolution in the late '70's that continues to this day.

I realise that the music is of a love it or hate it variety and like all such things is subjective. Individual taste. Ian understood this and combined his beliefs with a great depth of musical knowledge and variety. So not only did he record as the lead singer of the band **Skrewdriver**, and in doing so almost single-handedly create a new 'brand' of music which we can call White

Power Rock, he recorded as **The Klansmen**, a combination of Confederate/Rebel, bluegrass, country and Rockabilly and as **White Diamond**, for the heavy metal crowd and as **Ian Stuart & Stigger** singing a combination of traditional ballads such as *The Green Fields of France* and his own compositions such as *Suddenly*. (If I have have missed anything out of his large repertoire I am sure I will be corrected. This, of course, is the merest sketch of Ian's life and activities).

After almost 10 years of living in a bedsit in the last white run hotel in the King's Cross area and serving a prison sentence for defending himself from an immigrant gang Ian moved to the Midlands at the end of the '80's.

Almost the last time I saw Ian was in Northern Italy in the staggeringly beautiful countryside of the Alto Adige. The occasion was a concert hosted by **Movimento Politico** among others. I was behind the camera and edited the video *Ritorno a Camelot* in 1991 which has been copied, sold and pirated many thousands of times and is on youtube as is much other footage of

The day after the car crash, in which his friend Boo was also killed, Ian died in hospital. He was only 36 and yet left a great many recordings behind.

To find out more about the white nationalist hero Ian Stuart look out for:

Blood & Honour The Independent Voice of Rock Against Communism. www.bloodandhonour.org

Search for books such as:

Diamond in the Dust: The Ian Stuart Biography

OLD ALBION (Ballad)

The scent of an English meadow
wafts gently through the bars.
The sounds of summer harvesting can be heard from afar.
The beauty of old Albion a beauty hard to beat.
But the heart has been corrupted,
by the changing power seat.

Chorus:

Will we stand and watch them taking our freedom away?
Will we stand and watch them taking our freedom away?

Our warriors are slandered and thrown into their jails,
and kept from all their loved ones,
in dungeons deep and stale.

They say that self defence is no offence
until the law starts with their lies.
They'll send you down for protecting your own
already guilty in their lying eyes.

Chorus

Our hearts are full of love and pride
for England is our home.

The hills and dales are in our souls
and the forests ours to roam

But now we lie back in our cells
and think of times gone by.
We think back on our lives and homes
and the girls who wait and cry.

Ian Stuart.

"Either put me in prison or kill me, there's no other way that I'm going to give up"

IAN STUART

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If you know the enemy and know yourself, your victory will not stand in doubt; if you know Heaven and know Earth, you may make your victory complete.

- Sun Tzu

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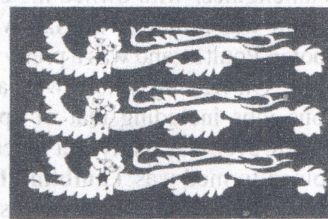
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Subscribers Only

April 2013

Just in Stock! LEL Badges.



Thanks to the persistence of our webmaster and the craftsman that he found we have a beautiful reproduction of the very rare League of Empire Loyalists badge. This was cast from Miss. Rosine de Bouneville's original. The badges were personally awarded by A. K. Chesterton to LEL members who displayed conspicuous courage in the face of the enemy. In Rosine's case this included

confronting that betrayer of the British Empire Winston Churchill at the Royal Albert Hall in 1957.

The badges were originally made by a LEL member who was a silversmith and proved to be extremely difficult to reproduce. We did it! Another example of the continuing growth of **The AK Chesterton Trust**. For your super quality, cast metal, LEL badge (with original style 'safety clasp') please send **£12.00 + 10% P & P** payable to the AK Chesterton Trust at our BM Candour address. (Or order online at our website).

It is with great sadness that we heard recently of the death of the battling Canadian defender of free speech

Douglas Christie QC

April 1946 - March 11, 2013

Requiescat in pace

(Obituary in next issue)

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Minden, Ontario

KOM 2K0

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www.britishpeoplesleague.com



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For a copy of Herr Roeder's latest bulletin, in the English language, (or German) please write to the above address (and perhaps send a small donation) or email direct:

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**"Why
can't they See? Oh,
really I must stop say-
ing 'Why can't they
see' and remember
that people
are just stupid!"**

Rosine de Bouneville.

Many times to many of us over many years...

It is only natural that our people should seek comradeship and comfort among like-minded people of their own race and community.

Another political Party, another 'clean start', free of fascist smears, etc, etc., "Why can't they see...."

Our confidence in ourselves has deliberately been destroyed by a 'world' designed around us for that purpose. Are we few 'thinkers' still capable of action going to urge on a virtually NON-EXISTENT next generation to battle whilst trimming and watering what and who we are and believe as we watch our race die? *Colin Todd.*

**THE
RED
AND
THE
BLACK**

By MARIO



This is how the police get their instructions via the Home Office who get their orders from whom?

This 'briefing paper' was presented by a group founded by 'Lord' Wilderberg. More on that alien crook in future issues!

Briefing Paper

SECURITY IN AN OLYMPIC YEAR: RE-ASSESSING THE THREAT FROM RIGHT-WING EXTREMISM

1. Security in an Olympic year

Risk of 'lone wolf' terrorist attack growing

Daily Tel: 17 ? 12/12

By Tom Whitehead, Security Editor

THE threat of an Anders Breivik-style Right-wing attack in Britain is growing, the Home Secretary suggested yesterday.

Theresa May said that extra resources had been put into monitoring the risk from Right-wing extremists, especially from a "lone wolf" fanatic.

She said concern had grown in the wake of the Norway attacks in July last year when Breivik slaughtered 77 people, mostly teenagers.

The spread of violent Right-wing unrest amid the euro crisis, especially in Greece and Spain, has also increased fears, intelligence sources said.

In evidence to the Commons joint committee on the national security strategy, Mrs May said: "We've had increased focus on Right-wing groups in the last year or so, particularly since the Breivik incident in Norway. It's still the case that we're likely to see a lone actor on the basis of Right-wing extremism."

Right-wing extremism is seen as a domestic rather than an international threat. It is understood that all bodies involved tackling extremism have been told to give it more focus, including the intelligence and security agencies such as MI5 as well as the police and other organisations working on the Government's Prevent strategy.

Work aimed at people who may be vulnerable to Islamic extremism is also being used to stop others being recruited by Right-wing fanatics.

The "work aimed at people who may be vulnerable to Islamic extremism is also being used to stop others being recruited by Right-wing fanatics" So far the 'British' government has thrown £63 MILLION, yes that is really is £63,000,000, at the 'cultural enrichers' that the traditional enemy have flooded our tiny islands with.

That is an indicator of how desperate the enemy is to stop me writing this message to you! When I ask for just £2,500 to keep going you know it is peanuts. I know times are tough. We must be tougher. 14 WORDS.

DONATIONS & WILLS

It has come to my notice that a few executors of people who were members of the *League of Empire Loyalists* or supporters of *Candour* of many years standing have deliberately ignored some of the wishes of those same people's wills. The last wishes of our supporters. They simply did not like their way of thinking. There is one particular instance of a retired Wing-Commander RAF, *LEL & Candour* whose wishes were perverted by his step-son that comes to mind.

To prevent further problems please contact me, Colin Todd, either via my email address at:

akctrust@yahoo.co.uk

Or by mail at:

BM, Candour, London, WC1N 3XX, England.

We can then make sure that we know what your true intentions are and that they are carried out to the letter.

Candour 60th Anniversary Appeal

Target £2,500

The target is STILL £2,500. I mentioned this new fund-raising target to just one old friend and subscriber in conversation before printing this and J. of England sent a cheque for £100.

No questions asked. He gave us a head start.

J. knows we are serious and personally appreciates the strides that have been made by those who stayed true to *Candour* despite very desperate and difficult times following the death of Miss. Rosine de Bounevalle on Christmas Eve in 1999.

Since then much has happened and yet here we are again. 60 years on.

With the addition of a truly dedicated new friend, who has spent countless hours learning about such computer things, we now have our great website at www.candour.org.uk

Combine this with our range of reprints of not only works by AK, but John Tyndall for example, and the first reprint since 1947 of AK's only novel *JUMA: The Great* and a great exclusive *THE FIRST EVER PUBLICATION* of AK's play *Leopard Valley*.

The response to our modest efforts has been astonishing. Worldwide. That simple. Small and hardcore. The inquisitive, curious, to the "Damn, man this is what I have been looking for!" from the USA, Canada, New Zealand and Australia have been particularly active, responsive and supportive. I'll try and give you more details in the next Extra. However, and in England especially, this seems to be a very difficult concept, some of our perfectly legal activities do not have to be the business of everyone who donates a fiver. That is like a football manager telling his opponent before the match exactly how he proposes his team will play.

The 'condition' of Racial Nationalism in the British Isles has never been more pitiful and never has the need for the bedrock of our 60 years of accumulated determined knowledge been more needed.

People are seeking us and we are reaching out...

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CANDOUR

The British Views - Letter

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

No. 1

30th OCTOBER, 1953

SOUND THE ALARM!

The British Empire is disintegrating. Whoever denies that fact is a fool or a knave. Should objection be taken to such strong language, the answer is that the vogue of the understatement, a quite recent pose, covers with precision the period of our national decline. Great Britain and its world system amounted to something in the days when Britons spoke their minds. Unless *Candour* expresses itself with that old fearlessness, its existence will be purposeless. We shall not fail. It may be, in consequence, that we shall find ourselves starved out of existence: whatever else happens, we pledge our word that—unlike other once outspoken publications—we shall never be bought out of existence.

In place of the British Empire, there arises the Empire of the United States. We have no quarrel on that account with the American people, who are entitled to whatever their dollars can buy. Our quarrel is with our own abject leadership, of whatever party, which has supinely allowed the Dollar Empire to grow fat at our expense, crowding us off the stage of history.

No more profoundly revealing example of this process can be imagined than the revolutionary change in power-politics about to take place in the Mediterranean. The acquisition by the United States of strong naval and air bases in Spain means that the Western Mediterranean will become an American sea. General Franco, surviving the pressure of many months, has managed to retain the principle of national sovereignty over the selected areas, but although the concession pleases Spanish pride, and is a tribute to his own personal character, the victory is only nominal—once the Americans are ensconced in Spain, it will take more than decrees of the Spanish Government to shift them.

LORDS OF EAST AND WEST

Simultaneously with the reaching of an agreement with Spain came the announcement that Washington had signed a pact with Athens. This provides for the "sharing" by the United States of Greek naval and air bases, which are to be enlarged for the purpose. The Greek Prime Minister said that strong American forces would soon arrive in the country to take up their stations. In other words, the new Lords of the Western Mediterranean are also to become the Lords of the Eastern Mediterranean.

What of the Central Mediterranean? As Italy has long been a satellite of the New York Money-Power, it might be thought that the United States had this area, too, nicely tied up. But there seems to have been one fly in the American ointment—a remarkable little fly called Malta. From the British point of view—if such a thing can now be said to exist—what is happening to Malta is the crux of the entire revolutionary situation in the Mediterranean.

First it is necessary to recollect that as the Americans are about to move into Spain and Greece, so are we preparing to move out of Suez and the Sudan. The State Department covertly, and American-inspired organisations openly, have been as successful in undermining our influence in the Nile Valley as they have been in collaring our spheres of influence almost everywhere else in the world. In consequence, we are now searching for a formula

whereby we may remove our 70,000 troops from the Canal Zone and thus end the chapter of our splendid service to Egypt, the Sudan, and the whole civilised world.

Once that formula is found we might expect to hear of the transfer of units from Suez to British possessions, which are few enough, in the Mediterranean. We might expect, in particular, a strong British air-reinforcement of Malta. Instead, what do we find? We find, in the instant of our expectation, the strong *American* air-reinforcement of Malta. We held the island throughout the war. Why should it be supposed that we are no longer capable of holding it today without the help of American squadrons? Why should the Americans be moving not only into Spain and Greece but into Malta? It is difficult to believe that the British Government which permits this thing is a free agent. One would prefer the explanation that it acts under duress. British power in the Mediterranean is being deliberately smothered.

BRITISH POWER SMOTHERED

Indeed, British power is being, or has already been, smothered over huge portions of the earth's surface. There are sure to be many melancholy occasions when *Candour* will feel impelled to refer to what really happened in Egypt, in Persia, in India, in every other land where our great achievements earned for us a place in the sun whence the sheer weight of dollars now drives us forth. We shall even have the mortification of pointing to the increasing defection of our own daughter nations, which are being detached from the British fold by a deliberate policy of seduction. Australia and New Zealand are being ensnared by the dollar trap as assuredly as Canada has been ensnared by the infiltration of capital and propaganda from the United States. We shall be obliged, when considering this problem, to cast a strong light upon such "Commonwealth" figures as Mr. Lester Pearson and Mr. R. G. Casey.

Nor will our searchlight always be switched across the seas. The attitude of our own public men demands close scrutiny. If we are destroyed, and we are in process of being destroyed, theirs will be the dreadful responsibility of having acquiesced in our destruction. Is "acquiesced" the right word? It may be too weak. Shortly before the Conservatives regained office a sleek young Tory politician told me, in the presence of several other people, that he would welcome the taking over of the British Empire by the United States. The Americans would turn it into a going concern, he said. Who was this young man? The Prime Minister thinks so much of him that he has made him a Cabinet Minister. I give his name—Mr. Peter Thorneycroft. But Mr. Thorneycroft, except as a symptom, is unimportant. Was not the prophecy of what has come to pass uttered, and in glad tones, at a place called Fulton. Did not somebody there bid the Mississippi "Roll on"? These be very grave matters.

Meanwhile, the vast majority of people in the British world, or what is left of the British world, affect not to notice their national and imperial eclipse. They mouth comforting platitudes about "democracy," "the free world," "the United Nations," "N.A.T.O.," "the European Defence Community," "the International Bank," and the rest, with never a thought that these are

power-agencies of the New York Money Trust, which seeks the federation of the nations of the world that it may rule over them as firmly as it rules over the United States Government. The British people do not know, because no newspaper has dared to tell them, that what they call "American generosity," in the shape of American aid, is in fact the price extracted from the taxpayers of the United States for the establishment of the world-wide Dollar Empire. And the Dollar Emperor is certainly not President Eisenhower.

The pretext used for the setting-up of so wide-ranging and exclusive a network of power is the Russian menace. There is no desire on our part to underestimate the seriousness of that menace, which Roosevelt, Morgenthau, Hiss and Co were so determined should be admitted into the heart of Europe, with consequences now only too apparent. The vileness of Soviet tyranny never impinged upon the innocent Rooseveltian mind. If it ever impinged upon the minds of his masters, who are still in effective control of the United States, they did not let it deter them from trying to do a deal with the Kremlin. Although for some reason not explained the negotiations for the deal were broken off as early as December, 1945, they went far enough to result in the virtual carving up of the world by Moscow and New York. What is more, should circum-

stances be propitious, the Money Power would reopen discussions tomorrow for the ruthless completion of that betrayal.

The point which has to be made, however, is that if it be Soviet policy to overthrow the West by force of arms rather than by subversion, the offensive would surely have been taken when there were no more than half a dozen battle-worthy divisions to stand athwart the path of the two hundred Russian divisions massed behind the Elbe. Is it conceivable that the adroit strategists of the Soviet Union would wait for the building up of Western strength before striking? Or are they such simple-minded fellows that the idea of being ringed about in time of war by American atom-bomber bases appeals to the Russian twilight in their souls?

The conclusion is inescapable that the Soviet menace is being used as part of an elaborate conspiracy to reduce the historic nations of Europe to economic impotence and political servitude, and to steal from them the fruits of their long and splendid labours overseas.

If Britain but awakes, she alone can foil this plot. But where can one look for a trumpeter with sufficient lung-power—and guts—to sound the alarm?

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE.

VIEWS AT A GLANCE

THE Government, by sending troops to British Guiana, for once acted in advance of events instead of trailing a long way behind them. That the move was justified cannot be doubted. But the situation which called for it is not one to arouse pride in British breasts. It is only too typical of our colonial pattern. Sturdy ancestors acquired the territory for Britain, but the neglect of modern British Governments, and their refusal to employ a full-blooded Imperial economic policy, have reduced it to a slum, as so many of our West Indian possessions have been reduced to slums.

When discontent inevitably becomes manifest, our leaders fail to give the disaffected peoples a square economic deal, but rush forward with ludicrous schemes for "self-government," which means placing naïve, credulous electorates under the sway of whichever group of unscrupulous demagogues makes the most fantastic promises. In Guiana the absurdity was reached of giving power to "Ministers" who promptly organised strikes to sabotage the economy for which they had undertaken to become responsible.

SOCIALIST HUMBUG.—The Socialist opposition at Westminster, or the more responsible part of it, had no difficulty in sizing up the demagogue Jagan and his confederates, but it still deplored the annulment of the Guiana Constitution. Nothing more vividly reveals the utter incapacity of politicians to think once their minds become imprisoned by their own slogans and fixed ideas. The Constitution had landed Guiana in its mess: the people had shown their ludicrous incapacity to make it work. Yet the British Socialists want to hold the Constitution sacrosanct. Such woolliness will be the downfall of Britain.

Those on the Socialist benches who lack all sense of responsibility did not wait for any Government explanation before rushing in to defend the unsavoury little gang of Marxists in Georgetown. The principle upon which these people act is that a dark skin is a sign that its possessor has every conceivable virtue, while a white skin covers every conceivable vice. It is their axiom that their own fellow-countrymen are always wrong. Most nauseating performance of all was the article by Mr. Fenner Brockway splashed across *Reynolds News* under the heading: *How To Lose An Empire*. What does Mr. Brockway care about the Empire? When it was fighting for its life in

the First World War he preferred to go to jail as a pacifist rather than fight with it. Ever since that time he has been on the side of the Empire disintegrationists. His cant about losing the Empire was as nauseating as that of the newspaper which published it.

TRIESTE.—No British interest was served by the setting up of a British administration in Trieste and the garrisoning of the city by British troops. But the timing and the method of withdrawal have been yet another lamentable instance of the chronic infelicity of our foreign policy in the last two decades. Official spokesmen argued that a unilateral Anglo-American decision would force upon Italians and Yugoslavs a frame of mind amenable to negotiation. Negotiation by guns, perhaps.

Washington rather than London seems to have forced the pace and determined the procedure. The childishness of current political comment is apparent in the assertion that Mrs. Luce, U.S. Ambassador in Rome, was responsible for the move. People like Mrs. Luce are the agents of policy, not its creators. But no doubt she greatly busied herself in the matter. A political protégé of Mr. Bernard Baruch, to whose influence she owed her appointment, Mrs. Luce would be a suitably innocent instrument for the present objective of the New York world-planners in dealing with Trieste, which is to ease Italy still further into the European Defence Community. E.D.C. is one of the many devices chosen by the Dollar Emperors to destroy the historic nations of Europe.

MAU MAU'S AFFILIATIONS.—Twelve months ago Sir Evelyn Baring, the new Governor, declared a state of emergency in Kenya. Shortly before his arrival, the old Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, preened himself on leaving the land peaceful and prosperous. It is a moot point which has proved the more disastrous—the fatuous complacency of Sir Philip during the period when the Kikuyu plot was being incubated under his nose, or the subsequent bungling of the campaign against Mau Mau. The bungling began when the authorities failed to prevent the murder of the brave Kikuyu chiefs who remained loyal to the Crown, although the Kenya Government knew that they were marked men. Indeed, the Chief Secretary even found in the murders a vindication of official policy. They showed, he said, that the Kikuyu were resisting the Mau Mau.

Today five battalions of United Kingdom troops and perhaps as many of the King's African Rifles are scouring the Aberdares and the slopes of Mount Kenya in search of the rebels. This is no doubt necessary. But the head of the serpent is to be found, not in the Aberdares, but in Nairobi—perhaps in the Asian quarter of Nairobi. Why is the Government so very reticent about Mau Mau affiliations? Is it because one trail might conceivably be found to lead to New Delhi?

QUIT KENYA?—It is essential for the protection of British settlers that British troops should sweat and toil in Kikuyuland's bamboo forests. But let nobody suppose that such efforts will win for Britain the usufruct of Kenya. Mr. Arthur Hope-Jones, member for commerce and industry in the Kenya Government, has been in the United States touting for dollars. As a result, one of the leading American oil companies is to be given survey and development licences in the Northern Frontier District. Coventry will rejoice to hear that a big American motor company has been invited to manufacture and assemble cars in Mombasa, while Lancashire will hold high festival when it learns that Mr. Hope-Jones has arranged for an American clothing manufacturing firm to start operations in Kenya.

Next year, it appears, Mr. Eugene Black, president of the International Bank, and Mr. David Rockefeller, of the Chase National Bank, will visit the scene of their projected conquests. Soon afterwards, no doubt, Britain will be presented with the ultimatum "Quit Kenya." The British troops now sweltering there will feel themselves richly rewarded when they receive the grateful thanks of the International Bank.

MARTIAL VALOUR.—The Israeli Army has won another battle-honour. Half a battalion, armed with mortars and machine guns, fearlessly crossed the undefended Jordan frontier and attacked the unarmed inhabitants of Qibya. Fighting with matchless valour, the force killed 56 men, women and children. The battle will rank in history close to the epic encounter of Deir Yassim, where three hundred unarmed Arabs were butchered. The victors are

worthy of their immortal compatriots who sent letter-bombs through the post.

When the Foreign Office, with unexpected effrontery, expressed its horror at the Qibya outrage, the Board of Deputies of British Jews was quick to trounce it, proving again that in any clash of loyalties there is no doubt where the Board's sympathies lie. If Mr. Eden is not careful, he will cease being one of Zion's curly-headed boys and bring down on himself the vitriolic abuse habitually flung at the late Ernest Bevin.

PRESS SLANT.—Arising out of the Qibya incident were two priceless examples of tendentious reporting. Even after the Foreign Office protest, the B.B.C. judiciously referred to the "alleged" attack. The second example was furnished by the *Observer*, which published an account written with such skill that only a wide-awake reader would fail to receive the impression that the aggressors had been Arabs and the victims Jews.

Against this must be put a comment made by *The Times*. *Candour* is unlikely to find itself often in agreement with a newspaper which plays so large a part in reconciling the British people to their shameful eclipse which is the more reason for expressing appreciation when the occasion warrants. Here is what *The Times*, to its honour, wrote about Qibya. "So long as the armistice lines separate Arab villages from the land they were accustomed to cultivate; so long as semi-starving refugees look across an arbitrary political boundary at the houses, wells, and groves which they once owned; so long will the lives and property, of Israelis no less than Arabs, of women and children as well as men, remain insecure and hazardous in the border districts."

That was bravely said.

A.R.P. IN THE STATES.—The U.S. Army Secretary announces that the first battalions equipped with anti-aircraft guided missiles will soon be placed on active service around major American cities.

It is not known whether the digging of trenches in American parks has begun.

POLITICAL FISH AND CHIPS

When two millionaires compete against each other in a business transaction the only difference between them and men playing poker is that, whereas the latter pile on the chips to back their bluff, the millionaires reduce the value of the pool they hope eventually to pocket by undercutting prices. But this is of course only a temporary manoeuvre. As soon as one of them is beaten, up go the prices again, and the winner has a free hand.

At the present time this pretty little game is being played by Messrs. Dawson and Vincent over fish supplies and fish marketing. Mr. Vincent, managing director of twenty-seven fish companies and twenty-six trawlers, is reported to have said he will undercut any price Mr. Dawson names for his fish by 6d. a stone. Mr. Dawson has replied that he will undercut Mr. Vincent's price by the same amount. So where are we?

Too Rosy To Be True

The housewife who buys the fish would appear to be the *tertia gaudens*, for if these great men keep their word, simple mathematics show that before long fish will be given away for nothing, and, I suppose, if the system continues, customers will be paid to take it away. But I am afraid it does not work out quite like that. It is true that I can remember a case where two country bus companies, competing on the same roads, began to undercut each other's fares, so that for a happy month or two one travelled long distances for practically no payment at all. But this utopia did not last. Exactly what happened I cannot recall—either one firm was bankrupted, or the

two amalgamated—but the net result was that we had to pay more for our rides than we ever had before.

So the housewives must not be too sanguine over their prospects in this latest fishy business.

But it is not only the housewives who must be wary. This Dawson-Vincent rivalry is going to affect other people besides them.

Primarily, it is going to affect fishermen in the English and Scottish trawlers. The story is somewhat complicated in its details—as such big business manoeuvres usually are—but the background of it may be told in a few words.

He Breaks The Ban

Some time ago Iceland closed certain fishing grounds near that island to trawlers from Great Britain. British trawlermen riposted by banning the landing of Icelandic-owned fish at British ports. Mr. Dawson has broken that ban by bringing an Icelandic trawler into Grimsby and unloading the fish there. He has, it is reported, persuaded two big groups of fish merchants to buy this fish, and he has a fleet of sixty lorries to distribute it throughout the country. He is thus taking sides with the Iceland fishermen against those of his own country.

Mr. Vincent, who, as we have seen, owns trawlers as well as fish companies, is fighting Mr. Dawson on the grounds that the latter is breaking the ban on Icelandic fish which had been agreed to by the fish companies. The chips in his game of poker appear to consist in a plea for justice to our fishermen, as distinguished from Mr. Dawson's cheap fish slogan.

But in a battle of this kind it is important not to be outdone on any point by one's rival, so Mr. Dawson has hinted that he is considering buying from little fishermen throughout England and Scotland. This on the top of his boast that at the end of November he would be bringing twelve trawlers of Icelandic fish every week to Britain.

Poker Politics

The trawler men take a dim view of his proposals, but some of the fish merchants have yielded to the temptation to buy cheap fish.

On one point perhaps Mr. Dawson has committed a tactical error. In order (he said) to show Mr. Vincent he was not bluffing (though surely bluff is the keystone of the game) he revealed at a champagne party to the Press that he has a firm order of £1,000,000 from an unnamed country for his fish—part of a £6,000,000 order promised. This

is rather like putting your cards face up on the table. What will the housewives think of it?

But the most humorous touch in the campaign up to date is Mr. Dawson's complaint about a refusal to supply him with ice. "We are reporting about this," he is reported to have said, "to the Monopolies' Commission." Is not it possible that the Commission may wonder whether there is not a budding fish monopolist as well as a monopolist ice merchant?

Well there the matter rests. Fish and Chips—monopoly and bluff. I hope that the genuine fish and chips shops may continue to prosper, but I hope still more that at long last something like justice may be done to the trawlermen of Great Britain.

R. D. JEBB.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

CANDOUR became possible when a British patriot in South America sent his cheque for a generous sum to a journalist in London, with the request that it should be used to launch a newsletter which would express distinctive British attitudes toward the phenomena of a changing world hostile to British power. Other sympathisers at home and abroad, alarmed at the fate which is overtaking Britain and the Empire, have given encouragement and practical support.

It has been an inspiration to those charged with the running of the venture to receive such willing co-operation, which takes the form not only of financial donations, but in many instances of personal help in the dull task of addressing envelopes and other routine jobs. For their own part, the people associated with the editorial and business direction of *Candour* are providing their services without salaries or professional fees, and will continue to do so until the publication can stand on its own financial feet.

NO PACK-DRILL

The response to the brochure advertising *Candour* has been sufficiently good to provide a sound foundation upon which to build. More success might have been achieved had the editorial direction been disclosed. Many people understandably asked for this information. That it has been withheld is readily explainable. The professional men undertaking the work sacrifice for it many leisure hours every week. They are entitled both to protect what remains of their spare time from innumerable telephone calls, and to safeguard their employers against involvement with the views they express.

CRYPTO-REDS!

It is a mistake, therefore, to read into anonymous editorial direction any sinister motive. By far the silliest letter to reach us came from a man convinced that he had run to earth a dangerous bunch of crypto-Communists. Anybody whose instinct is so feeble that he cannot distinguish between British nationalism and Communist internationalism may be regarded as a subscriber well lost.

Candour can only be judged by its contents. If its views are sound, and if it increases public awareness of the dangers besetting our still great nation, then the names of its editors surely do not matter. What is at stake is a whole vast heritage of threatened values.

HOW TO HELP

How can the friends of *Candour* help? They can make the publication as widely known as possible. They can endeavour to find others who will subscribe. They can try to persuade rich friends to ease us of the perpetual financial headache which a venture of this kind, in defying the Money-Power, inevitably inflicts upon its promoters.

But they can do more than this. In whatever part of

the world they live, they can form a climate of opinion favourable to the reassertion of Britain's world power and the essential unity of the British peoples. They can bring pressure to bear on their politicians, who are likely to be found cap-in-hand somewhere in the dollar-queue. They can help to re-establish the national will at all costs to survive. If they succeed, then in the course of time they will make this little publication redundant. And that will be a signal service. *Candour* is being produced, not because somebody or other thinks it is rather jolly to write a news-letter, but because nobody else at the present time is standing four-square for the national cause.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT

It is with great regret that *Candour* records the death of one of its first and keenest sponsors, Major S. O. Richardson, of Nottingham Road, Natal. Major Richardson, for many years leader of the English Bar in Palestine, had a deep knowledge of international affairs, and was well

aware of the subterranean influences by which the political destiny of mankind is largely governed. He fearlessly spoke his mind on such forbidden subjects.

Had "Richie" lived, the moral support of this grand patriot — men like him are all too few these days — would have given courage and confidence to *Candour* in the dark hours it must assuredly be called upon to face. As it is, we shall look to his spirit as an ever-present source of inspiration.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Richardson, together with our assurance that we will strive never to fall short of her husband's expectations of us.



The late Major S. O. Richardson with Mrs. Richardson at their Natal Home. In the first World War Major Richardson saw much active service on the Western Front.

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